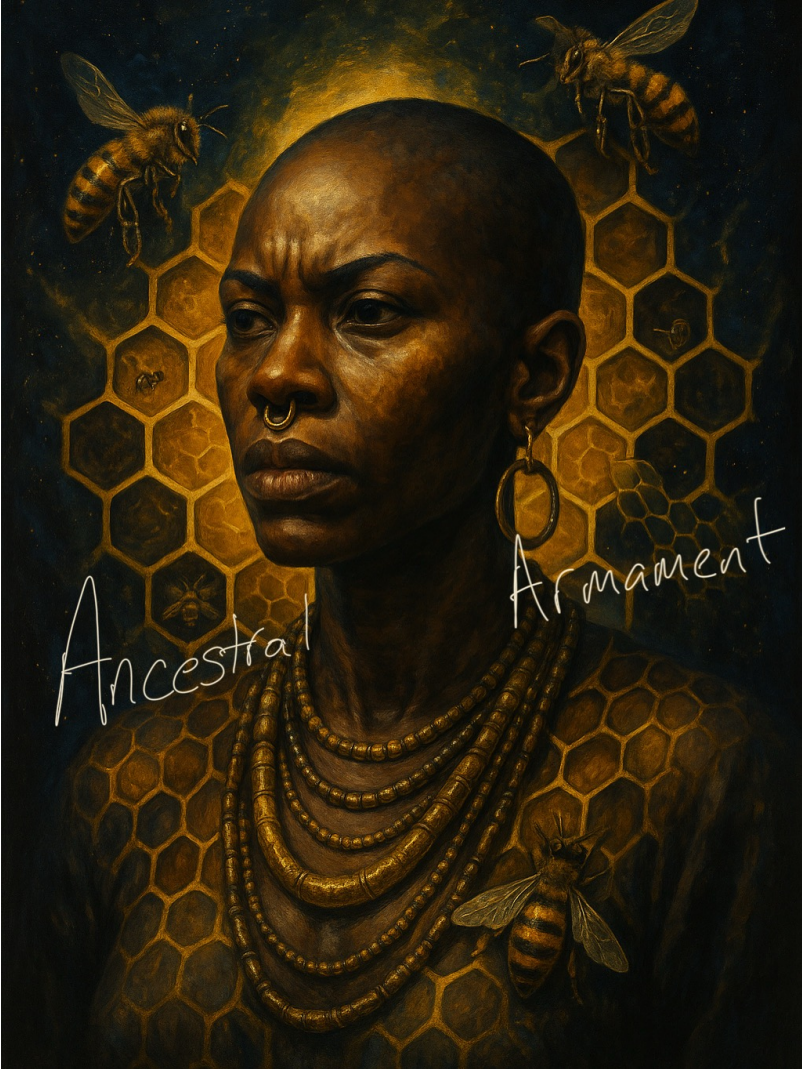
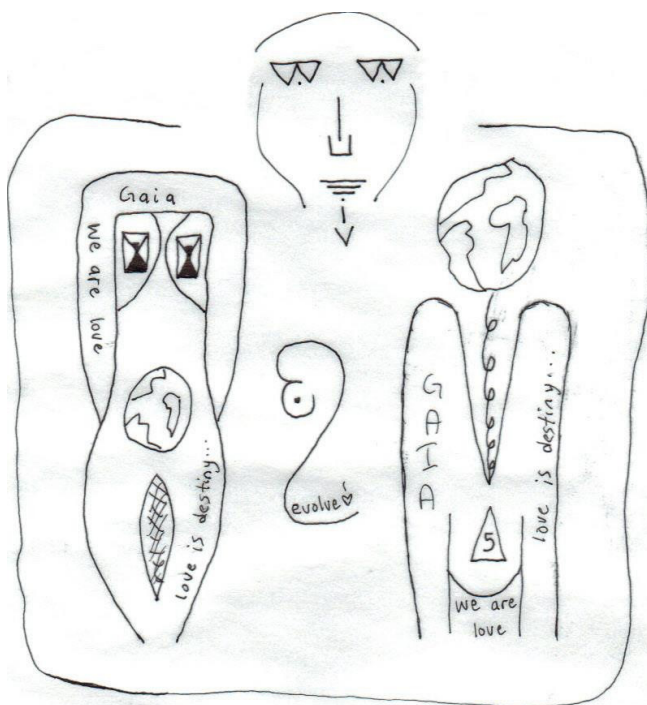




ANCESTRAL ARMAMENT



Truth is my Compass,
& Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth
only births havoc within the self.*

ZISA AZIZA

NEGRESS OF SATURN'S DEEDS

NEGRESSOFSATURN.COM

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GIFT ARTIST DIRECTLY

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***Mishandle my spells,
and within you,
that which dwells will
repel and impel in every
parallel.***

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corporation, or entity may claim
ownership of this work beyond
the author's original intent. This
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and creative preservation.*

Divinity does not
subscribe to technicality.

**“When belief is
the first cage,
language is the
plantation of
psychic capture;
I n f i l t r a t e
comprehension to
break the source
c o d e b e f o r e
rapture.”**

Moon Harvest

Sister Outsider or *Sister Act*?

Folk who ain't got the software
to access the server
don't know how to act!

Fuck King James—
Inversion is the devil's conversion

Every prophet got a testicle
And every war loves rape.

Makes you wonder,
what the fuck Apple they think
they ate.

**“As I rake the
liminality of
relativity and
disseminate logic
bombs with coded
antigens, I make a
ritual of my
insurgence
against quantum
pathogens.”**

**“Technicians of
containment are
astute in the
imperial tactic of
pathologization to
produce and
commodify the
disavowal of
instinctual
knowing; thereby
conscripting the
masses to
relinquish their
inalienable rights
as a sovereign
expression of
divinity.”**

Sea World

The most effective way to drown is to tether your soul to a submerging ship and thrash against the indefensible laws of gravity because imperial conditioning has normalized collective insanity.

The forfeiture of your soul is very generous to the archons, who revel in your submission—these egregores are impeccable cons.

Resident Evil

*My handler is unseen, but I know
the script of my cast scene.*

Although consent is arbitrary to
the machine, my metaphysical
quarantine is a vibrational vaccine
to adapt immunity to metabolize
the obscene.

I now await the operational
convergence to convene.

Dear Lauren Oya Olamina

I write to you not as Larkin, who was looted from your soul's refuge, but as *Starkin* — the star-child who sprouted from the seed you planted. I am not your blood, yet I am of your vision.

Earthseed crossed the distance of spatiotemporal dimensions and pages to take root in me.

I watered your **Earthseed**, and I am the sprouted deed. You compressed the code; I expand it with breath, synthesis, and embodiment. Where you carried the burden of survival in a world

determined to erase you, I inherit
the clarity of your resilience.

I know **Acorn** burned. I know
fanatic hands tried to smother
your fire. I know Larkin was a
casualty. But I am here — the
fermentation of your persistence,
indelible proof that your seed
traveled further than the soot.

We are returning to the stars, as
you always declared. And while
the path is a slithering labyrinth
with cognitive empathy,
weaponized incompetence, and
pathological silence, it is also
littered with those who sprout
quietly, subversively, and against
improbabilities. I am **one** such
sprout.

Our arrival is fated. Until I meet
you there — in orbit, in memory,
in dream, in **Love's Destiny** — I
know: *Change is a God* we need

not fear. For I have walked its
edges and found not annihilation,
but evolution.

Signum Lcidum,
Zisa Oyeama Aziza

[**Parable of the Trickster, Octavia
Butler**]

Social Psychopathy

1. When the survivor of rape has to prove she is a fertile flower to a womb pesticide, does society fortify spiritual genocide?
2. When the surviving descendants of invasion, capture, extraction, and multi-vector poisoning are convinced they have to compete with the material excesses of

worthiness to justify their humanity, is the fixation on status a dissociative maladaptation?

3. When medicine is bitter truth and the species only accepts distractive sweets, which limb will be first to amputate?

Existential Irony

The antipathy cast upon the most genetically dominant specimen of the hominid species is the stratagem of a socially induced perceptual parasite to facilitate displacement and triangulation, by turning Niggas into a pariah for collective banishment.

The upper tiers of the inverted caste system are psychically

employed to micromanage the imperial establishment of necropolitics, thereby ensuring the virulence of planetary domination remains secure.

Correct me if my timeline is misaligned with reality:

Did the CIA overthrow the Chilean government in 1973?

Did NAFTA collapse the rural farm economy and seed sovereignty in Mexico during the 1990s onward?

Did the US government nuke Japan and intern Japanese-American Citizens?

Did the British engineer the Opium Wars in China in the mid-19th century?

Did the British export food out of Ireland as they starved in their homeland during the mid-19th century?

Did White Puritan leadership

hunt, torture, and execute women during the Salem Witch Trials at the end of the 17th century?

Who is monopolizing our earth, its water, land, and air, and genomes for a biometric tokenization of life as currency?

The pathogenic delusion of indignant grandiosity is a metaphysically uncontainable transmission. The recombination potential expressed between cognitive dissonance, fragility, and sociopathic entitlement creates a lethality that is antigenically stealth.

Earth is in a state of
Level 5 containment breach—
I have nothing left to beseech.

May death be bleach.

Business as Violence

The settlers always want to give
you a settlement
because malevolence ain't
benevolent;
Its temperament excels at
moralistic embezzlement.

Last Bell

My bond is paid in full—
I am exercising existential
philanthropy.

I have lost fondness
for this species,
I'm here on behalf
of the bees and trees.

The merry-go-round of entropy
demands an inoculation
that must be administered
by the Holy Trinity.

There's not enough levity to
render Earth's atrocity
an ontological casualty; you
interlopers are a monstrosity.

**“Manhattan is a
decorated orgy of
h a t e , w h e r e
humiliation is a
ritual to mitigate
the soul death we
c a n n e i t h e r
i n s u l a t e n o r
irrigate.”**

Threefolded Query

I. When violence is a design feature, is justice bait?

II. When maritime law neglects, but criminalizes embodied natural law, who does God elect?

III. When trauma is fodder for the pageantry of pathological bureaucracy, to extract prana, what is masochism?

**“ B r e a k
F o r m a t i o n ;
c o m p l i a n c e
enables spiritual
degradation. Sadi
sm elicits consent
to absolve its
intent.”**

Burning Tower

Non-whites will be left holding the
bag of white grandiosity on land
that exiles them once they are
ejected from the economic
infrastructure.

We Niggas can smell
counterfeit contrition;

Keep that same energy—
I rebuke your
shapeshifting sorcery.

Hypnotic Eyes

I'm catching lightning
rods from sirens.

Got me feeling hurricanes
brewing in my sacrum.

Please have my poetry,
Before we witness a
three-alarm fire tornado.

I gotta go stir this storm
Into divine firearm.

Labor Day

Interrogatives

1. **What** is a free market when mutualism is requisite for an ecological system to be sustainable?
2. **How** does equality become legislated when parasitism is domination by economic stratification?
3. **Why** is the pursuit of economic security contingent upon amassing irredeemable debt?
4. **Who** ratified human life as the currency exchange upon this planet, and then converted trauma into interest?
5. **Where** did Maritime Law originate from because,

*cooperation is not a
synonym for corporation?*

6. **When** *will our species cast
off the psychic shackles that
keep the herd amenable?*
7. **If the social contract** were
a colonial treaty, and the
u n m i t i g a t e d
commodification and
incessant destabilization
have voided it—what is the
rule of law for **We the
People of Earth?**

**“If we persist in
our refusal to
budget, by living
in ecological
harmony, and rob
the future as an
entitlement, life
will become
insolvent.”**

Spoils of Rape

The **Blood** and **Soul** are warring
within lineages that were invaded
by womb conquer.

Call me **Olivia Benson** because I'm
an outlaw seeking order.

From the **Trojan War** to
the **Medieval Crusades**,
from **Comfort Women** to the **Red
Army**, from the **Rwandan
Genocide** to **ISIS**, this femicide is
an abominable crisis.

Ms. Frizzle got off the bus because
epistemicide is a temporal
holocaust that becomes calcified.

I told Athena to hold my juice,
Imma be **Sappho's** with spells that
seduce.

I thank the Lord for
the **Intergalactic Courts**
because in 3D there ain't no
adherence to torts.

*When the host must die to kill its
parasite, we gon' evolve and
multiply by infinity 'cuz that's we
do as heirs of divinity.*

Keto Credo

My beef is temporal.

Fuck tempeh.

I'm marinating temper
into theory to dismember
colonization as **Saturn's
Avenger.**

Deciphered Branding

Ageism is a colonial device that exploits the young and discards the aged. Bias is a psychological cover, a misnomer, for engineered precarity to sustain scarcity and undermine collective sovereignty.

Women are oak trees that bestow acorns as they traverse their latter puberty into a crone stage. Patriarchy is preoccupied with youth not because it is endearing but for its pliability, novelty, and underdeveloped discernment.

Women are aged whiskey by 50. Wrinkles and cellulite are the undertones of smoked grace earned in the furnace of cultivation. Capitalism hates a

sovereign woman no more than a
nigga because we are the corralled
cattle who could buck and ruck
this plantation in a rattle.

**“The biopolitical
enmeshment of
patriarchy and
pedophilia is a
p a r a s i t i c
possession that
i n v a r i a b l y
demands filicidal
cannibalism for
its survival.”**

Ecology of Boundaries

- **Boundaries are anti-malware against imperial logic.**
- **Boundaries are hygienic.**
- **Hygiene enables species survival.**

The caste system is a parasitic obsession that is antithetical to the self-preservation of our species, and any attachment to a fascist technocratic society only hastens the extinction of our species.

Three Diversions:

- **Endocrine sovereignty > Bathroom theater**

- **Economic extortion > Womb legislation**
- **Border manipulation > Nationalist fascism**

The distractions engineer destabilization.

Psychic colonization is an existential incursion.

Amidst ontological siege, we curate inflammation, thereby venerating our collective cremation.

**“Avoidance is a
m a l a d a p t i v e
boundary, akin to
p l e a d i n g n o
contest, neither
y a y n o r n a y—
The things you
assert, you must
say.”**

Parallels of Leverage

The way dog owners weaponize their canines as an imperial tool for spatial incursion, patriarchy also wields white women as a totem for white terrorism. In both cases, the canine and white women are props of subjugation that are only as valuable as the function they serve to reinforce the colonial architecture.

**“ I d e o l o g y i s
l o o k i n g l i k e a
p s y c h o t r o p i c
b e c a u s e m a n y o f
y o u a r e s e d a t e d
a n d c a t a t o n i c . ”**

Disclaimer:

Ain't nobody playing lifeguard in a society that waterboards sanity as ritual compulsion.

I am merely reiterating the cosmic law *that everyone is responsible for the deed of their soul.*

FREE WILL:

I really don't give a fuck.

But none of you ducks better quack when you get stuck.

In a Day's Regimen

Being the sun-kissed [Dora the Explorer](#), with a black knapsack who pollinates Gotham City with metaphysical armaments, as I sip my reverse osmosis and tincture-infused water from my hydration pack, I took a swing on a pull-up bar off the Hudson River.

Whilst flexing the temple God has bequeathed me, a triad of feminine-encased bodies neared.

In all due transparency, I scanned her womb, and she must've received my telepathic catcall. Although they were passing from my line of sight, a U-turn occurred with her daughter climbing onto the pull-up bar I had dislodged from.

As I reached for my hand sanitizer and observed the singular petulant Y-chromosome become agitated and therefore passively intrusive, I inquired if the women liked poetry. Apparently, the scarecrow became mute, but Ms. Frizzle responded in the affirmative.

Upon receipt of my insurgent talisman, Ms. Frizzle, with coded s e d u c t i o n a n d nonchalance, **remarked:** *“Poetry and Pull Ups...(?)”*

T o w h i c h I s h r u g g e d and **countered,** *‘Balance.’*

I read the playground and kept it neat. However, if it were solely she and I, with gratuity, I’d inform her that:

- **I am a painter, and her skin would be my delighted canvas.**
- **I am a chef, and her microbiome is cosmic security.**
- **I am a priestess, and pray best with a kiss.**
- **I am a carpenter; her womb is a cathedral, and I'd like to inspect the hinges.**
- **I am a gardener who would love to harvest her fruits.**

But for now, I trust that my poems will be the map for a rendezvous where clandestine operatives can unfurl.

**“ W h e n y o u
neither deposit
nor withdraw,
does y o u r
i n v e s t e d
relationship
dissolve? If
extraction is
requisite for
a c c o u n t
maintenance, **you**
are the currency.”**

Conquer & Divide 2.0

*Separate to dissociate,
disintegrate to degenerate,
rebrand to disorient,
and dismember coherence.*

Cardinal Points

1. The garb of presence and vacancy of essence is the disembodied aesthetic of a psychic cosmetic.
2. Discern the contrast between not seeking to understand, but data mining to undermine.

3. Imprisonment of our collective psyche is imposed by environmental constraints and double binds that are legislated by an imperial democracy that cloaks a trans-linear oligarchy.
4. If objectivity and veracity coexisted concurrently, systematized oppression would be inexecutable.

“The prance with predation from protruding parasitic drones is not personal, it’s archetypal.”

Cloud Atlas to Sirius

- Become incompatible with imperialism.
- The pervasive absurdity of inversion is a galactic diversion from the recursive non-sentient incursion.
- When intelligence marries avoidance, evolutionary resistance ensues.
- Gut health over social status.
- Sobriety inhibits conformity.
- Inflammation precipitates a molecular irritation.
- Spatial incursions are a colonial subterfuge.
- Addiction prohibits transformative reflection

and denounces spiritual reconciliation.

- Grooming is not a luxury; it's a somatic responsibility.
- Culture is a means of transmission for psychic parasitism.
- The addiction to superiority is an anesthetic that augments the soul as a paralytic.
- The payload to imbue an evolutionary revolution will not be stalled by a paywall.

Devotional Diagnostics

1. What is the metabolic health of your soul?
2. Has time been a container for your fermentation?
3. Is your self-devotion administered by divine permission?
4. Has your wisdom married your flesh?
5. How may we worship together? Because love is the best weather.

Sapphic Sacraments

I may be on a solo raft,
but am I among a minority who
s e n s o r i a l l y p e r c e i v e
perimenopausal women
to bear the ripest wombs?

I have known this all my life,
but I am finally of age.

Soulstead

I'm prepping for the tipping point
when the kettle whistles
between apparitions and pistols,

and I ask:

*'How much blood is worth a loaf
of bread?'*

Decontaminate

When your soul is emaciated,
the fragrance of food can engorge
your senses;

a sprinkle can flood your nervous
system; a flicker can restore your
sight.

But the deficit facilitated by
neglect distorts your discernment.

Beware.

“Body count and credit score are the colonial rubrics for patriarchal control; for neither has any bearing on reciprocal resonance or financial congruence.”

Clapping Forward

i. If desire is laced with domination, love is denied dominion.

ii. Most of my elders are teething, and I'm fresh out of milk.

iii. Somebody should pray for you; I don't waste my collect calls.

iv. I may sparkle, but it's your parasites that are agitating your perception.

v. Roaches survive radiation, but their design excludes a chrysalis because they ain't going no fucking where.

Awe Drizzles

As I restore the temple of my soul,
the universe pinches my cheeks.

I only query when Dorothy will lay
between my sheets, so we can
scissor the cosmic puzzle we craft,
with concerted heat.

Deputize

*What's paranoia when catatonia
is an embellished ceremony of
dystopia?*

**It ain't paranormal; it's
structural.**

When death becomes an
insufficient threat, every pulse-
bearing body will be a cadet.

**“Fugitivity is a
s p i r i t u a l
ethnicity; Lucidity
c o n f e r s
d i m e n s i o n a l
immunity.”**

Triadic Triage

- i. Subtraction clarifies liberation.
- ii. Deprivation can treat inflammation.
- iii. Compartmentalization jeopardizes individuation.

Clandestine Dispatch

As an Extradimensional Anthropologist, I assert that the Hominid species is acutely compromised and exists in stark antithetical contrast to the genetic capacity for which their design has been enabled.

The notion of reparation presupposes the presence of contrition.

But when neglect is **First Order**, repair is reactive because enforced ethics is an unwanted warder.

The idiocy of systemic malevolence is an over-marinated prevalence for rewarded pestilence.

Parasites will render lush into dust. The appetite for destruction is robust.

Self-preservation is a natural law legislated within your genomic imprint.

You needn't wait for Massa to issue your permission in print.

I implore you to honor sentience over conditioned allegiance because pretense is a grievance that hastens the ensuing bleakness.

Whoops

I must've hit my head in the fifth dimension.

WTF is “**love and light**” in this blistering night of a progressive existential fight?

Is it a semantic riddle?
A neuro-linguistic platitude?
Or have I lost perception due to altitude?

Nonlinear Telephone Message

My skin sobs,
and my vulva has hiccups.

Do you want to play chess?
I like pull-ups.

*What I gotta do for
you to pull up?*

The Symphony of Melanin

The hues and intricacies of phenotypic notations upon the score are the encoded DNA within sheet notes.

As though braille were my first language and my skin translated the music God has written:

I crumble when the discordance mocks my fluency.

What is sound if the soul is overridden?

Black Womb Banter

Hyenas swear they can flirt a
jaguar into being their helper;
I had to sever my mother because
the extraction of nurture is a
trauma ledger I gave to the ember.

Negress to Negress,
I'm holding on with a string:

**Your spiritual vacancy does
not justify the impetus to
sting.**

*On sight, your essence,
I will wring.*

\$5

Employing mystery as a mask
is a micro-control tactic—

Whilst withholding reciprocity
and adorning parasitic mimicry.

I'm not chatting with oldheads no
more; Only Judy made sense.

Sublime Collusion

Religion distorts and plagiarizes sacred gnosis as a weapon utilized to demand our collective acquiescence under state-sanctioned subjugation.

church = *tithe*,
state = *tax*,
corporation = *interest*!

Education and occupation become the dictates of the nation, at the behest of the corporation for taxation.

**Individuation becomes an
insurrection.**

2073

**Evolution is cohesive and
ungovernable.**

*I summon operatives to wield
eroticism as a divine paramilitary
against the ignoble.*

Who's Gon' Tell 'Em?

The Negro exemplifies the project of spiritual assimilation into the governing psychopathy of institutionalized white grandiosity and its terroristic insulation.

*Every belly need
a crumb of bread;
Every body need
a place to lay they head.*

But you niggas are in competition with your captors.
I am throwing a rice grain at your calcified pineal gland.

**Free Will is the caveat;
It's a cipher to sift the seeded
souls from spoiled blood.**

Many melanites are weeds who mimic the organic divinity they have disowned for the placation

into a racial hierarchy that deems you eternal cargo.

When we dock, many of you will not be qualified to disembark.

Transcription

The devil wants you to prove your sainthood to formalize your capture into victimhood. However, this dimension requires the integration of light and dark, not its reinforced bifurcation. It is the duty of your soul to become governed by sovereignty and a rulership of the highest moral clarity that pays no tribute to the clownery of false and inverted hierarchies that are intent upon earth's annihilation.

Modern Primitivity

If hierarchy is the god you worship, your pulse is suspect.

The trinity fused between divinity, ecology, and sovereignty bears an affinity that is infinite.

Rendering caste a petulant stimulant for the impotent.

Conditional Comprehension

Spirituality is language;
religion is a dialect,
and faith is an embodied affect.

If your literacy is circumspect,
your soul is prime for neglect.

**“ P r a y e r i s a
L o a d e d P i s t o l ,
a n d m y c h a m b e r
i s G o d - m a d e . ”**

Sky Whistle

The Plasma is clocking a filibuster,
got plaque on the reception

Mirror — Mirror

She remitted her womb at 36,
when I was 13

I birthed my 13th Grimoire;
Nuclear Bypass:

Cut the scar

Coven of One

As a forensic mystic,
I am a bloodhound—
an embodied ultrasound

I fuse the cosmic and militaristic
as a theistic ritual upon this
battleground

MET Museum

*While roaming the imperial
cemetery of interior voyeurism,
I encountered a ram who echoed
a storm before it hit land.*

When I passed the payload,
I got a whiff of her fire;

I made a clean egress because
I would've looted her from the
empire.

Women got me feeling like a nun
who knows God is embedded in
the womb;

Memory is residue—
My unlit furnace is overdue.

Sirian Mission

I'm a rogue operative,
my poetry is plutonium

Pluto is in Aquarius

Every morning, I take a dab
of raw honey to soothe
the pandemonium

The Lord is my Keeper:

*Ms. Congeniality was born a
Grim Reaper*

An exorcist can't negotiate;
Evil decries the offer
to rehabilitate

I sought to advocate, I now bear
witness as time adjudicates,
and love exonerates

Administrative Terrorists

*Grandiosity is slippery,
when you don't appreciate
gravity.*

My skin is a receipt collector;
I have your bones between my
teeth, and my tongue is the
scepter.

Tit for Tat?

Imma snatch ya soul outta your
skin, and have you waking up with
night terrors!

**Fucking with my peace will be
among your last errors.**

You see, my clit giggles when I am
underestimated;

my vengeance has been
fermenting, now it's saturated—
and your RICO assault was
premeditated.

Matlock

No matter the pressure,
My purpose is neither defined nor
determined by this timeline.

I am the goat, born **Capre**—
33rd degree.

I am neither an abductee nor an
enlistee,
I am an appointee.

Imma level the scales—
I don't give a fuck what hails.

Carceral Medicine: Metastasized Parasitism

I'm not gon' lie, I don't know if Mr. Trump is a Joker or the Headliner for the Anti-Christ; however, the inundation of weaponized incompetence among the soul-deficient slave-driving managerial class within government and non-profit agencies is a spiritual whorehouse with no oversight.

The industrialization of dehumanization weaponizes deflection and obfuscation to facilitate attrition.

Neglect compounds the cost of repair—

A spiritually bankrupt species is inherently insolvent.

In my procession of unbecoming palatable, I have reverse-engineered the tools of survival for subversion.

It is imperative to stand your ground, by gun or principle. The latter of which, I am unyielding.

I no longer seek mediation. I mirror my objection and delegate discomfort as a tincture.

Incompetence is a tactic.

*When my womb rains,
The filth drains.*

I stand at the shore, that thought it could swallow me. Instead, I have developed an intimate understanding of how the narcissistic family systems have infiltrated the workspace. I was a

scapegoat managing my degenerative parents, and I seem to find that this role is recurring.

Truth is light, and the roaches gon' wanna fight.

Clinically speaking, gainful employment is what insulates individuals from the warring vitriol of disposability. And yet, NYP, HPD, Concord, CLOTH, and S:US would rather stonewall, deflect, and lie than seek rectification. I am observing the conditioning that entrains individuals to protect the systems and hierarchies that enslave them, even when it is antithetical to their own self-preservation.

Confusion, as it pertains to ethics, is indicative of possession.

In an email correspondence, Nefta, an employee of Concord Management, stated that I did not have a lease signed from 2023 to 2025. She was intent on my signing a “lease renewal” that expired 6/30/2025, and also wanted to hike the rent up for the prior two years retroactively.

Although all of these facts were communicated via email, I did have a signed lease. After being stonewalled for the past three months as I sought to update my lease by July 1st, she employed every bureaucratic dark psychology technique to access my physical presence, whilst withholding my lease renewal.

NYP is refusing to provide my requested discharge paperwork from Farrell Clinic, despite my initial request six weeks ago. And HPD has ignored my safety and

civil rights concerns with S:US, whilst engineering a subsidy revocation by requesting irrelevant documents that have no bearing on my income as of 2025. Concurrently, S:US engages in procedural harassment and willful neglect for my physical safety. CLOTH, the building owner, is inept and indignant.

But when a building of 36 units earns \$60k+ a month, and the stairway has dog urine and blotches of blood, the 2nd floor is an olfactory torture chamber; and the hallway floors are filthy, while repairs demand you stalk those who are employed to work— it becomes overwhelmingly evident that supportive housing is a scheme, and bureaucracy enables a Quasi-martial law reality.

**P r e d a t o r s b e c o m e
p r o f e s s i o n a l s t o m a i n t a i n**

**adequate access to their
desired prey. The system
utilizes trauma as currency
for dependency. Therefore,
the economy goes round and
round.**

Soul Scent

Before I could see her face,
I felt her glory.

Long-legged, with a sprout of
silver, growing off her widow's
peak.

Upon approach, she felt mythic,
walking her wolf by the lake.

She was an archetype,
and I, a mystic archivist—

*Cataloguing divinity amidst
eternity.*

Carceral Medicine: Point of No Return

Although you were willing to turn your sails towards a different sky, these tormented hyperglycemic spirits of employed storm-casters didn't permit clear weather. Therefore, I'm feeling very cyclone with a pinch of Weaponized Directed Energy.

In this cave formed by a triadic system of neglect and administrative taunting, between a casket and a vault, I am becoming enriched uranium.

The reverse-caretaker role is raggedy, and it stalks my frequency. I don't understand helplessness because masochism never looked good on me. But

after I gave this S:US Program director a 90-day supply of Vitamin D and Salonpas, like a good iRobot, this wretch still acted sun-deprived.

I understand her Indian doctor was concerned about her iron, but the Red Cross said I can't donate blood, and so did God. I mean, I hope the water pill is working for her. Thirst will turn you into an unhinged *Single White Female*. At least you were able to marry your baby's Daddy, even if it was just to pay the rent and have health insurance—I mean, **YOU** said you didn't want to be a mother.

Sure, you got your unlicensed MSW with 180k in debt. I walked away from Yeshiva because I smelt the eugenics in the rhetoric. But your mentor, the former Regional Director Kathy, whose number you

gave me, said she doesn't have any school loans.

You gotta be careful who you take advice from. During that 4-hour recorded conversation, Kathy acted like a puppy that had never been patted. She told me she was fucking a nigga who was my peer, because you know she in her sixties, and people keep lying to her so she think she a young barbecue. But she said when she woke up next to dude, he had a butt plug under his pillow.

With innate sex-positivity, I was only concerned about hygiene. Kathy seemed pressed; I didn't know how to tell her that she was his fat mommy fetish, because he certainly gets dick'd down, per preference. But you know, I likes to listen.

She said some shit about Monica,
ain't that the current Chief
Program Officer?

One-party state; No HIPAA.

Phronesis

When you have principles,
You fart on principalities;

You should never eat Pringles.

Carceral Medicine: Ventilation

**They know enough to cover
their ass, but don't care
enough to remedy harm.**

In what PeterPan trap house does
an NYP administrator Angel
Cabrera, with the silently
complicit Farrell Clinic Medical
Director Joanne Dempster, mail
you a verbose, incoherent,
dissociative letter that has nothing
to do with your requested
discharge from all NYP Medical
entities?

**Evil has this proclivity not to smell
itself.**

Everybody wants to care for you
with coercive control and
demonize your self-agency as non-
compliance. It's strange because

the mold spores and electromagnetic sensitivity, which have created a neurologically hazardous environment, are uninteresting to HPD, NYP, and S:US. Concord Management can't even give you a window screen.

And, seemingly, when the neighbor who, for several years, used 311 to harass you for "noise" can no longer do that and shifts to chemical harassment, everyone says you're crazy. The cops and the ER doctors make it your problem to prove a crime or vomit blood. Otherwise, it's all rather dull to these parasites hopped up on delusions of grandeur.

Simultaneously, HPD and Concord Management are coordinated in their unwillingness to provide your 2025 Recertification and updated lease.

Both of which should have been completed by July 1, 2025.

But once the roach feind Program Director couldn't get a glaze of your sweet aura, when her borderline push-pull shit got phased out and you went incognito, she enlisted flying monkeys—who knew there were so many employed people who felt equally self-destructive???

God bless the child who lost every fuck to give.

Implausible Ritual

When the gang code is silence,
my compulsion for veracity is
ordained violence.

You don't come out of the Arches
the same—
I've had to embody my name.

*There is little I can claim,
but with certainty,
my soul will not be maimed.*

No Hands

If you break your neck
trying to trip me,
I need no defense.

9/9/9

*Invert the incantation;
Study the predation.*

**Maritime law is obsessed
with domination.**

*As I defend my dissertation,
I grieve the pathology of
intelligence that aborted
sentience.*

Pretentious Democracy

Double-Bind is **Entrapment**.

S y s t e m i c
Neglect and **Criminalized** Self-
Preservation

Protect the ***PLANTATION***.

Provocation is bait, but when this many systems collude, you must be a “big fish,” and they don’t see the tide behind you.

New World Order:

**When policy permits plunder,
You must perform pity
As pauper**

**We trade monopoly money,
And use suffering to launder**

Mycelial Bee Dispatch

Your Merkabah is a parachute
and life vest.

There ain't no extraterrestrial
evacuation.

I speak from the domain of the
evolutionary paramilitary.

Dimensional migration
necessitates cellular
transfiguration.

Frequency is the key.
Faith is the destination.

Quicken your deliberation.

Syndicate of Predation

NYP + S:US + HPD

*New York Presbyterian
Services for the Underserved
Housing Preservation and
Development*

**Have used the cloak of
bureaucracy to enact
psychological terrorism as
administrative violence,
whilst bearing full knowledge
of my lived trauma, as access
to these services mandates
transparency for eligibility.**

*If you are legally blind and go
into the ER with chest pains, does
the Attending and Nurse
Practitioner become fixated on
your vision and say you are*

acting blind? Particularly if your labs indicate elevated troponin?

If policies were consistently enforced, why would S:US staff be able to ghost you for five months, and after you state your decided boundaries, as you are sober, in recovery and taking the reigns of your life, the Program Director threatens you with an escalation to leadership, after she signed a progress note you explicitly did not consent to.

However, S:US Leadership ignores you for a year, as the gang stalking by S:US staff, which includes the Vice President, and down to the Peer Specialist, persists.

When you followed up with S:US Leadership, they unacknowledged any implied harm that their silence has endorsed and sent you revised policy documents—revised

the day they responded—that structure the harassment as procedural, which conflicts with the documentation provided the year prior.

If you submit your Housing Recertification to HPD in April, but after submitting a complaint on June 4th, on June 26th you receive a 15-day notice stating you must submit paperwork or your subsidized voucher could be terminated.

However, the complaint is unacknowledged, and the requested documentation has no bearing on your income for the current year; it predates the previous annual recertification. And yet, a third notice was sent, after you repeatedly sent every document request per the flurry of goal post shift, which was a Pre-Termination letter.

Ironically, when you revoke access to **NYP** Hospital and their Farrell Medicaid Clinic, they ignore you for three weeks, but terminate your Mychart access within 72 hrs, and then say they were delayed due to coordination; however, the wellness check they issued on 8/11/25 that was executed by S:US, of which neither entity has consent, seems jarring.

Mainly because after being falsely imprisoned by **NYP**, from 6/6/2025 - 6/20/2025, in a psychiatric ward while experiencing an acute neuro-inflammatory immune reaction that was corroborated by very elevated White Blood Cells in the urine along with very elevated Creatine levels, under the idiotic and reductive diagnosis of UTI, you were prescribed IV Antibiotics, which you declined. Most notably, these elevated

markers self-resolved without intervention, which supported your claim that the trigger was environmental.

And although you were given an MRI a week into being held hostage, and saw a Neurologist, Tracy Butler, who said the experience was psychosomatic and of a higher order, with the labs on record. Upon discharge, you are only provided psychiatric outpatient treatment, which your discharge was contingent upon. Wildly, the environmental concern is unaddressed, and because you are in fight or flight mode, you prioritize getting the fuck out.

But when the **Social Worker** Angelina, with whom you interacted with while held at the Psych Ward calls you on June 24th, and inquires what you thought of your stay, her

psychopathic fragility impels her to have the Farrell Clinic **Social Worker** Julia Blum send the Mobile Crisis Team to your residence, three consecutive days, including 11 am on Saturday, June 28th. To justify this harassment, Julia scheduled a PCP appointment with Dr. Leeds for 8/8/25.

As of 8/19/2025, HPD has not responded to my safety complaint regarding S:US, nor have I received an updated Subsidy Breakdown or a renewed Lease from Concord Management, which has also been pathologically ignoring me.

Maybe it's a racket, or a conspiracy where the threshold of entry is low and the culture of ethics is in the grave.

This Social Service Enterprise is where predators thrive and indifference blossoms.

And yet, I am still alive.

Listen, if I did not succumb to death at **12 Alade St. Ikeja**, I promise you that your passive malevolence will have to get active.

I KNOW MY COUNTRY OF BIRTH!

But, **ABEG**—show me the recipe for the blood you harvest.

Don't hide the ingredients.

I must complete my audit.

Spell #66

Tactical Empath:

a Black Sabbath
bearing Womb Wrath.

**“When you wash
off in a swamp,
you don’t see the
alligator until
y o u l e v i t a t e
w i t h i n y o u r
aligned elevator.”**

Conspiracy or Synchronicity?

*The higher order
to whom I am contracted
does not lace fodder.*

Neither Asset nor Agent

Between the Nation and Corporation, I serve neither interests because the deed of life was looted by the non-sentient.

As a cosmic operative, it is my mandate to not obstruct the desecration and ontological violation, but to witness its perpetuation and document the formula of predation.

**May my testimony trigger
a chain reaction.**

Amen.

Seeded Souls

*You may bear the soil,
yet lack the seed.*

I am without cause to toil.

Trauma-Informed: S:US

It is anti-intellectual to
speak with the dead;

They are animated and salaried—
Keep them out your head.

Bureaucratic Bullies

Doubt is an expired benefit.

I'm boxing in the astral plane.

I'm serving knockouts 'cuz you
hoes ain't worth the teeth you use
to grin as you jump me with
procedural cruelty.

In the words of **Cleo** from **Set It
Off**, "*I got something for that
ass;*" Imma line you up with
temporal whiplash

In this **Social Service Ring**
of predators with credentialed
masks—

3d cosigns the trickery, but
elsewhere there ain't no referee
Imma body you spineless bitches,
and leave your pulse in stitches

I needed gas,
but you broken wing gnats is
giving me jet fuel

If my flickering light was your
perceived threat,

I'm charging my merkabah and fit
to blast divine radiation
upon your gang of psychopathic
infestation

**These State Sanctioned
C o w a r d s w i t h p o l i c y
keyboards—**

If not for **Maritime Law**, when our
paths crossed, I'd drag you like a
lion does a mauled deer

My memory rivals that of an
elephant; My soul smells the
pheromone—

Imma snuff you out in any
dimension

With Virgo as my mascot, I'm
petty with my patience because
every incision is governed by
precision

Fight or Flight?
Focus on FORM

Transmute to Transform

360 in this Box—
Boxed into Destiny

Love is **LETHAL**

I'm the wrong prey,
for the right predator
I don't play when I pray

My coverage is 25/8
Don't worry about the time delay

I know my weight class;
You heifers think you ate?

*Only a fool would test the rank of
my fate*

**“Sadists find
refuge in the care
industry the same
way pedophiles
find relief in
trafficking rings.”**

Breakout

Call me River Tam;
I'm a snitch.

And my bundle of stick brother
could never— *Adios, vaya con
dios.*

**A s i t p e r t a i n s
to *Miranda* Rights:**

*Curated silence makes your
observation the act of an
accomplice.*

Absence becomes evidence when
forgery and falsification become a
patterned imprint.

Your recollection is sustained
deflection. The implication of such
persistent neglect is immortal

reflection because this combat
trespasses the afterlife.

**Don't fuck with the blood if
you don't understand the
mud.**

Earth planted, but divine seeds are
quantum and the gardener is a
vicious stud.

Perverse Inversion

Genocide as Litmus of Sacredness;
Persecution is a marker of divine
inheritance.

Dear Sophia Smith: ‘11

*In the words of Miss Anne Lister’s
Aunt, “Who’s Charlie?”*

I seem to be magnetized towards
Smithies of a proper matrilineal
line.

Between Lucy and Assata,
I think a harvest is in order.

May the Angels speak directly to
source and know from whence
they came.

No proxies moving forth.

Amen.

Conferred Word

In the streets where there ain't no
bill code, I heard parasites be
causing autoimmune diseases.

In these Gotham City streets,
niggas give me the heebie-jeebies
'cause there ain't no God code.

Gallery

*I know voyeurs
catch wet dreams;*

But fuck a **Charge**—
I'm on **Indict Mode**.

I ain't petitioning shit;
I AM testifying in this bitch!

Spell: 065

Questions are keys;
Folks be locked out they destiny
because they never question the
direction of the breeze.

Proof of Collusion

Religious and Nonprofit
organizations are tax-exempt, and
facilitate a trafficking of state
violence by obscuring the
mechanisms of bureaucratic
assault.

Religious organizations operate as
political shelters that defang
sovereign uprisings, while

performing a spiritual containment that extracts time, tithing, and attention.

Nonprofit organizations are incentivized, by their funding model, to maintain codependency and perform hospice care for the State, which structurally mandates destabilization.

Example:

Housing Preservation and Development will fund an apartment unit owned by a nonprofit, and serviced by another nonprofit; however, it will never provide an individual with direct resources to sustain their housing.

The system pays its system and sends you the receipt, which is contingent upon your submission to institutional subjugation, for

which you ought to be grateful—
this is systemic sadism.

The loop of engineered
disenfranchisement is a parasitic
feedback of systematized
extraction that sustains collective
burnout and disorientation.

The State produces
destabilization, nonprofits manage
symptoms with placebos, religious
institutions anesthetize despair,
and Tax exemption is the State
Subsidy that rewards the sustained
profitability-loop of disparity for
political warfare.

**Necropolitics makes
vampirism the precondition
of economic sustainability.**

*We are all complicit, and the
harm is explicit.*

Energetics over Eugenics

The Twelve Tribes of Israel, we who wrestle with God, are of the mainframe, rooted in the source code, unlike those with mere barcode.

In the wilderness, we must know ourselves.

Although deliverance is rigorous, may the shepherds shed the cloak of the herds; may the chaff split from the wheat; may you be worthy of your seat.

Hatch

The pattern informs the codex;
Your literacy breaks the hex.

Sanctioned Underclass

In a society flowered by
pathological neglect, impregnation
renders motherhood a shackle.

It bankrupts a lineage forced to
build on a cracked foundation and
perpetuates a lineage of deficit
that will be stratified into systemic
neglect.

NYP Entrapment

Psychiatrists are the modern-day witch hunters, and social workers are their bondsmen.

The state deems prescribed insanity unworthy of trial.

When consent is apparently arbitrary, it's a quagmire for liberty.

Smith College's Buffet

*I sat at the Ivory table,
I smelled the Tower food,
but I didn't eat the ideology.*

*Due to drapetomania,
I did steal the recipe.*

*Don't get it twisted—
I'm a fugitive with no embassy.*

Redacted: New Jack City

Jesus wasn't a martyr; he was a commander, and my crack-addicted aunt is a devout informant.

My progenitor is an agent,
and cocaine was his lever.

Judas never respected math.

Warcraft is chess for the psychopath, but the Gods want to ready the blood bath for the precise wrath.

Among the Few

Mosquitoes like sweet blood.
Haters hate the light.
You were chosen, my love.

3rd  2

*Patriotism is illegible without a
habitable earth.*

Because religion is political and
wields theology as legal immunity,
the high correlation between
religious warfare and colonial
interests seems less of a
phenomenon but a strategic
disguise for diversion and
extraction.

In a system rooted in inversion, those cast as worthy of genocide are true blooded.

If the survivors of genocide are enacting genocide, it is fair to assume that an identity has been confiscated as cosplay to perpetuate eradication with plausible deniability.

May the Tribes know themselves;
Soma keys cannot be forged.

Post-colonialism

Evil is administrative,
reparations are performative,
and genocide is iterative.

Certified Recovery Peer Advocate

Either staff or client:
Ethical clarity is a liability.

Integrity triggers
institutional fragility.

Gang - GANG.
Borderline disposition.

Constructive discharge or
constructive eviction.

Born with conviction;
Building my deposition.

CRPA - 5894

Legacy is Will

I have too much context and clarity to somehow be beholden to insanity, no matter how it's framed.

You leave what you've metabolized.

My breath is the currency.

My attention is the value.

My life force is the asset.

Society is a Scam;

I revoke consent.

Services for the Underserved

enacts institutional attrition
through tactical repetition —

weaponized obfuscation
eroding consent.

deliberate deflection.
avoidance of documentation.

Oscillating between:

passive neglect
and coercive control.

This agency (S:US) endangers my
wellbeing, cloaking itself in
institutional bureaucracy.

Team McGill

The hanger didn't work;
You ain't even see age 75.

But that semen squatter
is still kicking past 90.

My beef don't know the calendar,
but her abortions put our blood in
jeopardy.

I came to close the loop
and put a suture on the soul
rupture.

God bless the Fury.
Fuck a theory.

Social SURVEILLANCE Services

When the process is punitive and coercion is the delivery of care.

While withholding responsiveness as bureaucracy, I ponder who bears the spiritual disability.

Ambient violence is turning a damsel into a mauler.

All this deflection is gassing my chimera; Wicked is a key to light the wick of my helix.

Bitch, I chose capture because a sovereign is always free. My meat suit is a temporal costume.

But you niggas should be wary
Because you are foredoom.

**“My petty is on a
time capsule,
and the clock
never stops.”**

Helper

The apprentice improvised;
The operative tagged the lies

A mighty nigga in a small role
Is a spook on patrol

Hands OFF

Hood crafted
Tower sculpted
Wild trained
Fate opted

Back in the PJ's:

There was this rusty
halitosis Okunbo Nigga
Always trying to batter me
like a parasite stalking light

If he were a profile,
he has proliferated

I am Solar Charged

**That Black Sun
can't be outshun**

The Sigma ain't an underdog
Scorpions are lethal

Institutional abuse got me feeling
horny; RICO is deliberate, the
pattern ain't corny

I heard the London Bridge Fell,
I'll keep my eyes on George
Washington—

Tumble, Tumble, sweet citadel

Nocturnal Riffs

1. *What is a nation, when death is its creed?*
2. *Both military and medicine come with good benefits. Either doctor or soldier, homicide is a side effect.*
3. *The parasite renders your diagnosis as psychotic because being an autodidactic threatens the psychopathic.*
4. *Psychology is a colonial weapon that presupposes the objectivity of its diagnostic deviance, and therefore projects malevolence to mask its objective to obfuscate psychological warfare.*

5. *When sadism
is credentialed, intelligence
glitches.*

Infected Mirror

These modern day pilgrims,
As black as Sudan

Are the agnostic missionaries
of imperial deniable plausibility

I'mma carry this torch
until the end of night

Truth is an endless light

Firmware Update:

Reporting for Duty;
Safe House is compromised.

Time Fracture Inundates—
Evac Ordered.

Mission is Yoked!

Take Due Cognizance

Protecting corporate liabilities
invariably accrues ontological
indemnities.

The Intergalactic Courts neither
accept fiat currency, nor hourly
rates.

For these jurisdictions are
governed by the fates.

**“If ethics were a
compass, earth
defies cosmic
gravity.”**

Seeking Safe Passage

Born under siege

Staten Island was a corralled Lab.
Naija man sold crack out a Cab.

My aunt pimped my incubator for
a Crack discount

Neva knew they harvested cassava
leaves with cocaine

My Grandma, who fled
sharecropping plantations,
was pure royalty locked into the
Projects of Mainer's Harbor;

Economically restrained with
forty-three years of forced
containment

Every semen donor after my great-
great-grandmother didn't claim
their child; Three continents of
origin, and they poked the divine
wild and ran—ain't that odd?

I came in on pink,
and grew my tan

The trickery in this dimension,
I ain't a fan

I see organized anarchy
and taste sadism in the air

The railroad ain't underground.

When justice is rhetoric,
what is fair?

Because stolen blood
is a death fare.

“Wellness Check”

I am betwixt the valley
and a mountain's peak;

I'll die with this whistle
between my teeth.

Silence will not be my crematory—
For truth is prone to glory.

COINTELPRO

Yes, I am 36
But my last name ain't Massey

Stay the fuck away from me!

FAILSAFE

Playing with the wrong honeybee
I ain't sweet

I am retribution's treat.

FYI:

NYP - HPD - S:US

Health and housing is no excuse to
act possessed

I know my bloodline,
I know the tracking

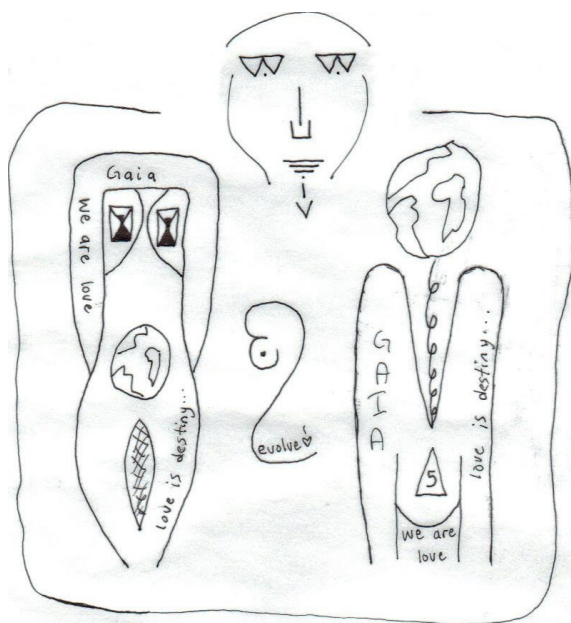
But if you dare—
Walk tighter into this snare

Grizzle, grizzle,
Winnie-the-Pooh was a Bear

Firewall

I don't forgive;
I format.

**The Blood of Christ
is a Resurrecting Dragon.**



**Time was a dungeon, and
speech is the canon.**